

GOLD DUST

THE BEST WASHING POWDER

Arizona Day by Day

Live News Taken From Territorial Exchanges.

An effort is being made to induce Bishop Vincent to visit Prescott and deliver a lecture.

Mrs. J. L. Fisher returned Sunday morning from her visit to Phoenix, where she has been for nearly two months.—Journal Miner.

The mining "expert" is wholly a fraud; and the fellow who pretends to be in "touch" with capital, when he can't pay his laundry bills, is on a par with the "curtains broker and lawyer."—Pick and Drill.

The first invoice of horses purchased by H. J. Allen in Phoenix arrived in Jerome last Thursday evening. There were four of them, each tipping the beam at something over 1,700 pounds. No mules have arrived as yet.—Journal Miner.

W. T. Little who has returned to Prescott from San Francisco, says he expects to be able to start up the Red Rock mill again within two weeks. Within less than twenty-four hours after his arrival in San Francisco he had a new hoist purchased and shipped.

Rev. Williams, the Adventist minister from Phoenix, preached able sermons at the Methodist church Sunday morning and evening. Rev. Williams is considering the feasibility of establishing a church in Tucson. He is a divine of ability and earnestness.—Tucson Star.

J. M. Dennis, the lumberman of Williams, Ariz., purchased lot 21, block 1, on North Fourth street from G. L. Altheimer, the consideration being \$235. Mr. Dennis has been interested in Albuquerque real estate for several years. He owns the property now occupied by C. W. Kunz.—Albuquerque Citizen.

The Tucson Star learns from what seems to be a reliable source, that the following will be the officers of the new county of Santa Cruz if the bill is approved: Sheriff, Broderick; recorder, Duffy; treasurer, Cummings; district attorney, Harwood; probate judge, Williams; supervisors, R. R. Richardson and A. H. Noon.

Six tons of ore from James Chambers' Good Hope mine, Hassayampa district, plated \$40.50 per ton; nine tons from O'Connell's mine, same district, plated \$50 per ton. Hassayampa mining district is one of the most promising districts in northern Arizona and is directly tributary to Prescott.—Prescott Courier.

Steve Pate returned Saturday from Prescott and vicinity where he has been since the Rough Riders were mustered out. Pate left here with the Fifth regiment and was a sergeant in troop B. He was shot through the left lung at the battle of Santiago, but managed to pull through all right. He looks hale and hearty and will remain here for some time.—Bisbee Orb.

B. A. Hussey has some samples of very fine looking copper ore on exhibition at the Hotel Burke. It was taken from a claim owned by him in the Walnut Grove district. While he has had no assay made of it he estimates that it will run twenty per cent in copper and from \$4 to \$5 per ton in gold. He says he has a well defined body of this ore fourteen inches in width.—Journal Miner.

G. W. Pitcock, the veteran newspaper man, has left the Star, where he has held down the city desk for the past year. Mr. Pitcock has been a familiar figure in Arizona and his mining news attracted wide attention when he was connected with the Phoenix Republican. He is a rustler and as a legitimate news-gatherer he has no equal in the territory. His star will shine as brightly as ever even if it is not a morning star any longer.—Tucson Citizen.

There are more men of means visiting this section at present with a view to mining investment than ever before, and investments of considerable proportions are a matter of common talk. Heretofore, our visitors have been mostly middle men, promoters and people of like character. Now, that the man who is to make the investment comes in person, more satisfactory results will certainly be brought about, both for the investor and for the section where the investment is made.—Prescott Courier.

Phoenix papers complain of petty thefts being committed in and around the legislative halls. The first complaint alleged the theft of the "jigger" bottles of the councilmen. The Journal-Miner is not quite sure as to what a "jigger" bottle is, but it is presumed that it is something very essential to the councilmen or they would not kick at their loss. The latest theft reported, however, was that of a purse belonging to one of the lady clerks, and everybody knows how essential a thing that article is in Phoenix.—Journal Miner.

We have lately been scanning the Arizona news closely, says the Los Angeles Herald, in hope of finding some evidence of beneficent results from Brother Moody's labors in the arid vineyard. Thus far there is nothing favorable to report. Instead we find a story about a woman's rescuing her youngster from a mountain lion that was crouching within four feet of it. A kindred bit of news is found in the

A Grim Wager.

BY CECIL HAYTER.

"SPEESHUL! speeshul! 'Orrible murder in the Dalton road!" And then again another voice, pitched in a higher key, took up the cry on the farther side of the street—"Speeshul! speeshul!"—and the rest was lost in incoherence as the sound of the voices, mingled and intertwined, gradually faded away in the distance.

"What a loathsome noise that is!" said Peel, with a shudder. "There is something positively ghouliah about it."

"It always gives me the creeps, especially at night. It suggests all sorts of horrible, morbid ideas," joined in Lelange, who was perched on the model throne, smoking innumerable cigarettes.

Kovno, the owner of the studio, said nothing, but smiled in rather a superior way. He was a person of somewhat unusual taste—his pictures betrayed him in that.

We were rather a cosmopolitan lot gathered in the big studio that night. Lelange was a merry, light-hearted little Frenchman, clever to the tips of his restless fingers, but quite incapable of serious work. Peel and myself were English—pinstaking, not wholly unsuccessful, but without half Lelange's versatility. Ferguson was Scotch—serious and argumentative, and Kovno—the owner of the studio—was a Pole by birth, though much of his life had been lived in Paris and London.

He was two or three years older than the rest of us. As far as his art was concerned, he was brilliant, original and startlingly unpleasant. For himself, he had a fine head—the head of a dreamer. Usually a reticent man, he would at rare intervals flash out into a fiery, animated flood of talk, accompanied by wild gesticulation.

Only one other person was in the studio—Dora Smith, our model—a pretty, nervous little person, at the present moment toasting her toes at the big stove and enjoying a cigarette during her well-earned rest.

"Well, there's only one good thing about a murder," said Ferguson—"it will out! And that, as a rule, ends in hanging."

"Nonsense, my dear chap!" said Kovno. "It's only the clumsy idiots who are found out. Anyone who isn't a fool could kill as many people as he pleased, and never be even suspected—if you grant him an average amount of luck."

Lelange began drumming a sort of "dame Macabre" on the model throne with his heels, and struck a tragic attitude which made Dora laugh.

"I wish you wouldn't all be so horribly gloomy," she said. "I believe this great big barn of a studio is haunted. Do, for goodness' sake, talk about something cheerful!"

"It's not gloomy at all; it's most interesting," persisted Kovno. "I don't mind owning that the possibilities of undiscovered crime have a great fascination for me."

"The possibilities of an undiscovered shilling in my trousers pocket would be more attractive to me personally," said Peel, ruefully surveying his worldly possessions. "Archie," turning to me—"we shall have to pad the hoof to-night. 'Can't afford an omnibus."

"I am willing to bet," Kovno continued, without noticing the interruption, "that I could bet that I could commit a murder without a possibility of detection." He was getting into one of his excitable moods and gesticulating freely.

"Rubbish," said I, laughing. "Anyone can talk like that. But, in the first place, it's absurd; and in the second, I don't suppose for a minute that you'd be such an abject fool as to try."

Kovno himself laughed at that, for by nature he is one of the mildest creatures imaginable.

"No, no, I don't mean to say that I want to harm anyone in particular for the mere satisfaction of proving to a parcel of lunatics that I am talking common sense; but still I maintain I could do so."

"Well, you prove it to me, and I'll take your bet," said I, jeering.

"Of course I will," I replied. "Frank, we'll have a dinner on the strength of this."

"Done with you, then," said Kovno. "I'll bet you five pounds to a shilling. I sold a couple of sketches to-day."

"That's all very well," put in Ferguson, slowly, "but short of actually murdering the man, and then confessing to it, in which case we should inevitably treat you off to the nearest police station—how are you going to give us proof of your ability?"

Kovno thought for a moment.

"Look here," he said, speaking quickly, "supposing I manage to spirit a man away and cause him to vanish for a week—ten days, if you like—without any inquiries that may be made enabling anyone to connect me with the matter; and supposing that I obtain a written confession from that man, acknowledging that it was in my power to kill him, if it so pleased me, will that satisfy you?"

"It's hardly a fair test," grumbled Ferguson. "Still I suppose you can't manage better—short of actually committing a crime."

"You'll have the deuce to pay when you let him go," suggested Lelange. "I shall make his release conditional on no further steps being taken," answered Kovno. "Come, are you satisfied?"

After a little more discussion the terms were agreed to, and Ferguson was appointed to hold the stakes. The meeting broke up and Peel and I started out on our weary way to Wandswoth.

For the next three days we saw nothing of Kovno or the others, as we were both hard at work at the art school. On Saturday, however, my weekly allowance having arrived, I made up my mind to go down to the country for a few days and make some studies. Peel couldn't come, as Dora was sitting to him on Monday. So, while he started off to the art school as usual in the morning, I sauntered out to invest in a sketchbook. On my way back I met Kovno. I had clean forgotten all about the wager, and, having an hour or so to spare, I walked back with him to his studio. He was in a conversational mood, and kept chattering on about some wonderful masterpiece he was starting on.

When we got to the studio—a great big barn of a place, which had once been used by a sculptor, and stood in a little isolated plot of ground back from the road—he produced some whisky and glasses, bade me help myself, rolled a cigarette, and started work. It was a very hot day, and I had been working late at black-and-white work the night before. I leaned back drowsily in a rickety old chair and watched him rapidly sketching in his picture on a large canvas. I lit my pipe, and took a long pull at my whisky and water. After that I supposed I went to sleep (I found out afterward that the whisky had been doctored). Anyhow, the next thing I remember is waking up with a horrible shooting pain running through all my limbs. It was pitch dark. I tried to move and stretch myself. I couldn't budge an inch in any direction. I was securely bound hand and foot. In an instant the truth flashed upon me. Kovno had heard of my intended jaunt to the country, had lain in wait for me, and deliberately lured me to the studio. What he had done then beyond dragging me, or where I was, I had not the faintest idea. I was at the same time immensely relieved and distinctly annoyed—relieved to remember that it was only a joke, annoyed to think of the simple way in which I had been taken in.

Hours passed, and the pain of ropes cutting into me was intolerable. I began to get furiously angry—Kovno was carrying the thing too far. I shouted till I was hoarse, and stamped my bound feet against the wall, to which I had rolled in my struggles. The air was close and stifling, and there was a foetid, earthy smell about it. I began to lose my nerve. I tried to count, to reckon the time—anything to distract my attention; but to no purpose. At last, utterly worn out and exhausted, I lost consciousness again.

The next thing I remembered was a faint glimmer of light and Kovno bending over me. He was laughing silently, and his eyes glittered weirdly in the uncertain light. I cursed him furiously in no measured terms, but as he only continued to chuckle to himself in that hateful, silent manner, I got more and more alarmed. I implored him to untie the ropes. I promised to sign any paper he liked, and to confess that he had won his bet, but he said a word would be answer. He merely bent down, and, holding the light nearer to me, gazed over my helpless condition.

His face was all distorted by the dancing shadows, and his eyes gleamed in a perfectly detestable manner. Suddenly the awful, horrible truth dawned upon me. He had gone mad! His mind, always of a morbid turn, had been unable to withstand the fascination of putting his theories into practice. The lust of secret crime had got hold of him, and the man was to all intents and purposes a raving lunatic.

As soon as I recognized this my last vestige of self-control left me. I babbled at him incoherently. I begged, I prayed, I laughed at him, but all in vain. After standing looking at me in silence for a short time, and evincing a keen delight in my mental agony, he turned and left me without a word. Hunger and thirst soon added to my tortures. Then the earthy smell of the place, and the absolute blackness and silence, must have made me delirious. I remember nothing more distinctly—save one thing, too horrible almost to mention. In one of my more lucid intervals I became aware of Kovno sitting at a little sketching easel, a light beside him, calmly and rapidly making sketches of my distorted features, muttering and laughing to himself the while.

It was only after weeks of delirium that I came to myself and found Dora sitting beside me in my own attic in Wandswoth, and it was from her that I learned the manner of my escape. My absence, it appeared, was not noticed for the first three days, and I was supposed to be in the country.

Then Peel got alarmed, and he and the others held a consultation. Two more days passed, and at last Dora's suspicions were aroused by a stranger's presence in Kovno's manner—something furtive, but at the same time triumphant. A chance oversteering of a portfolio confirmed their suspicions, as among the sketches were those of me as I lay bound in the darkness.

A search was organized, and at last I was found behind a whole pile of lumber and studio refuse in an old cellar under the building in which the sculptor, the original tenant, used to keep his store of modeling clay.

Poor Kovno became dangerously violent on his return, for he had been absent when the search was made. He was taken to an infirmary, and thence to an asylum. The doctors say that it is only temporary insanity; but then they never have seen his eyes gleaming through the darkness as I saw them in that loathsome hole, and as I sometimes fancy I see them still—Answers.

Her Fate.

Mrs. De Work—I have trained my eldest daughter into a thorough housekeeper. There is nothing she does not know.

Miss De Flight—What a nice, handy maiden-aunt she will make for your other daughters' edification.—N. Y. Weekly.

LACKING IN OTHER TONGUES.

There is No Hindoo Word for Friend Nor Single French Word for Kick.

The Hindoos have no word for "friend."

The Italians have no equivalent for "humility."

The Russian dictionary, says Pearson's, gives a word the definition of which is "not to have enough buttons on your footman's coat;" a second means "to kill over again;" a third "earn by dancing;" while the word "knout," which we have all learned to consider as of exclusively Russian meaning and application, proves upon investigation to be their word "knut," and to mean only a whip of any kind.

The Germans call a thimble a "finger hat," which, a certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay horse." A glove with them is a "hand shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feather cattle," while the names for the well-known substances "oxygen" and "hydrogen" are, in their language, "sour stuff" and "water stuff."

The French have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" anyone. The nearest approach, in his politeness, he makes to it, is "to threaten to give a blow with his foot." Neither has he any word for "comfort." The terms "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French.

Insect Undertakers.

Persons who are fond of walks in the country may have wondered why no trace is ever found of the various small animals, such as field mice, which die by the dozens. The reason is, that the sexton beetle has taken care of the tiny dead bodies. When a small animal dies the beetles hurry to it. They do not do good deeds solely through philanthropy, for they get their reward in food for themselves besides laying up provender for their families. These beetles are an inch long and some have bright orange bands on the wing covers.

After satisfying their hunger the beetles proceed in a very laborious manner to bury the remains. After dragging the body to a spot of soft earth, the beetles, using their heads as spades, dig a tunnel around the body. Inside this they dig another furrow and keep on till the body sinks into the hole. Then they throw in the earth they have excavated.

There are times when hisses bolster up some very weak arguments.

JAMES O'CONNOR, BRICK CONTRACTOR

Estimates given on all kinds of brick work. Jobbing a specialty. Box 425, City.

Castle Creek Hot Springs Of Arizona.

A delightful resort for health-seekers; perfect climate, natural hot springs of great medicinal and curative powers, especially for rheumatism; the only springs where you can take baths in the open air the year around without running any risk of colds; open-air swimming pool; private baths in porcelain-lined tubs. A comfortable and attractive house of twenty-five rooms, in addition to which ample tent room with board floors and sides, is furnished to those who prefer open-air accommodations. There will be a resident physician during the winter months. Rates, \$3.00 per day, or \$18.00 per week. Tent accommodations are also provided at the rate of \$2.00 per day or \$12.00 per week. Round-trip tickets via Hot Springs Junction, forty-four miles from Phoenix on the S. F. & P. R. R., including stage fare, are sold at all stations on the railroad. Daily stage, except Sunday, runs to the Springs. A new building has been completed at Hot Springs Junction for the accommodation of guests going to the Springs. For further information apply to E. W. GILLETTE, General Agent S. F. & P. R. R., Phoenix.

Or to C. M. COLIHOUN, Manager, P. O. address, Hot Springs, Arizona.

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KINDERGARTEN, 9 to 12 a. m., Gooding building. Private school, same place, 1 to 3:30 p. m. Terms, \$2 a month; two children, \$3. MISS BROWN, Principal.

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MISS A. F. NORTON is prepared to give treatments in Scientific Massage. Inquire Room 9, Gooding Block.

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J. C. NORTON, D. V. M.—Veterinary physician, surgeon and dentist. Residence No. 127 N. Fourth avenue. Office Ford Hotel block, W. Washington St., Phoenix. Office hours 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 4 p. m.

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H. J. JESSOP—Dentist. Office: Porter building, corner Washington and Center streets, rooms 14 and 15.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

JOSEPH H. KIRBY & ARTHUR J. EDWARDS, Lawyers. Steiner block, 21 1/2 S. 1st Ave., Phoenix, Arizona.

Popular Wants

[Advertisements under this head, one-half cent a word each insertion. No advertisement taken for less than 25 cents.]

WANTED—A woman to cook breakfast and dinner, and do general housework. Apply 809 West Jefferson street.

WANTED—Bids on furnishing 500 cords of dry cottonwood and 200 cords of mesquite, to be delivered at Wyan Bros' brick yard on South Seventh avenue. All bids to be in by March 25.

FOR SALE—One-chair barber shop. Has netted present owner over \$100 net. Sickness cause of sale. Apply E. Williams, 511 East Monroe street.

A BARGAIN—On account of taking up a position with a Cincinnati firm, I will sell my store, known as the Phoenix Floral, at a bargain. 5 West Washington Street. JOHN KELLY.

LOST—Lady's gold watch, hunting case, jeweled face; name of Minnie E. Johnson engraved on the inside. Return to 206 East Van Buren and receive reward.

ROOM and board for two: \$5 per week each; north of water works, close to car line. Address P. O. Box 1176.

FOR RENT—Nice ten-acre ranch, comfortable house, plenty of shade. See J. Ernest Walker, Real Estate, Loans, Insurance, 26 South Second avenue.

LOST—Two sheets of music on Tempe road between Talbot street and First avenue. Finder please return to Miss Schultz, 542 North First avenue.

LOST—On Tempe road, one spring overcoat. Finder please take to Wilson & Ward's and get suitable reward.

FOR RENT—Good room and board in private family for one or two young men. Address giving reference, L. R. O., care Republican office.

WANTED—A few canvassers at once. Room 19, 21 1/2 South First avenue.

FIRST-CLASS furnished rooms for rent in a private place, \$8 per month. Inquire William Limbrock, 39 1/2 East Washington street.

FOR SALE—Aztec relics. My collection of the above relics, 1,250 in all, consisting of pottery, axes, idols, arrow points and hundreds of the rarest of relics, are for sale at my ranch, four and a half miles southeast of Phoenix. Will sell any article you wish. J. S. TAIT.

WANTED—To rent, the restaurant part of the most improved summer resort on the south side; good income; good chance for two white men. Address "Restaurant," Republican office.

WANTED—In city or country, a position to cook or keep house. Apply at Room 46, College Place.

WANTED—Purchaser for Poucelle's flat cornet; fine leather case; mouthpieces; a fine instrument. Only been used short time. Call at Hudson drug store.

WANTED—One span of driving horses, harness and light wagon, as part payment towards piano. Apply to 12 North Center street, Phoenix.

FOR RENT—Four-room house, 1121 West Adams street. Inquire at the Mills house.

WANTED—A medium sized fire-proof safe. Apply Box 592.

FOR SALE—10,000 mesquite posts. Inquire at E. F. Kellner's store, or address A. J. Hansen, Tempe.

FOR RENT—Furnished room with bath. Front room, 488 N. 3rd Ave.

WANTED—Woman for housework. Apply to 631 North Center street.

WANTED—Girl for general work, private home. Inquire Republican office.

STRANGERS and others welcome at the Intelligence office to free city list of rooms for rent, furnished or unfurnished houses, suites for housekeeping, city or country board. Information free. 32 North First avenue.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished eight-room house, three blocks from post-office. Address Box 843, P. O.

FREIGHTERS WANTED—Contracts will be let about March 15 to haul ore, mine to mill one and one-half miles; concentrates mill to Prescott, and freight out, about fourteen miles. Needed, two fours, three sixes. Address Empire Mining company, Walker, Ariz.

WANTED—A second-hand boiler and engine, four or five horse-power. Address P. O. Box 933, City.

FIRST PREMIUM WINNERS.—Light Brahma chickens, 13 eggs for one dollar. Pemberton ranch, two miles north on Seventh street.

FOR SALE—Fifteen dairy cows, one-half cent balance on good security. For further information address Box 961 Phoenix, or call on premises three-quarters mile south Santa Fe depot on Seventh avenue.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Two oak roll top desks and one oak standing desk. Call at Rooms 205-6 Fleming building.

WANTED—Someone to fill out part of car of machinery from Kansas City in order to secure carload rates. TEMPE-MESA PRODUCE CO.

STRAY HORSE—There came to my home place about January 20 one unbranded gray gelding, 4 years old; weight 1,000 pounds; left hind foot white. Owner is hereby notified to come and pay the charges and take him away. H. C. ORMK.

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Wants the opportunity and privilege to give you estimates upon anything that you may need in sheet metal work, plumbing, pipe work or anything else within the scope of my business, and your patronage if I do so well by you as others. It is my aim to do better for you. In regard to this, please don't forget the place.

THE TINSHOP

Across the Street from the Ford Hotel.

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E. W. GILLETTE, General Agent.

"The Southern Pacific" leads in "completeness of equipment, comfort of transport, promptness of service," fast and elegant trains, with Pinta gas lights on all cars. Dining cars on all limited trains. The highest standard maintained all the year round. "No snow blockades." Two hundred and thirty-eight miles the shortest line to Los Angeles, quickest time to all eastern points. For further information call on or address, M. O. Bicknell, Agent.

The Phoenix Short Line has re-established their Pullman service between Phoenix and Maricopa. Passengers can take the Pullman at 7 o'clock in the evening, remaining in it until 6 o'clock the next morning, doing away with the necessity of occupying rooms at Maricopa.

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Via the Southern Pacific, going east, we will assist you in selecting a route and secure you the best connection and accommodations. If west, use the shortest and quickest line for seaside points. For further information call on M. O. Bicknell, C. P. A.

Porter & Co.'s first class stages make close connections with arriving trains, as also with trains en route to Bowie. Special accommodations provided for trips to and from Glendale.